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Conservation Resources

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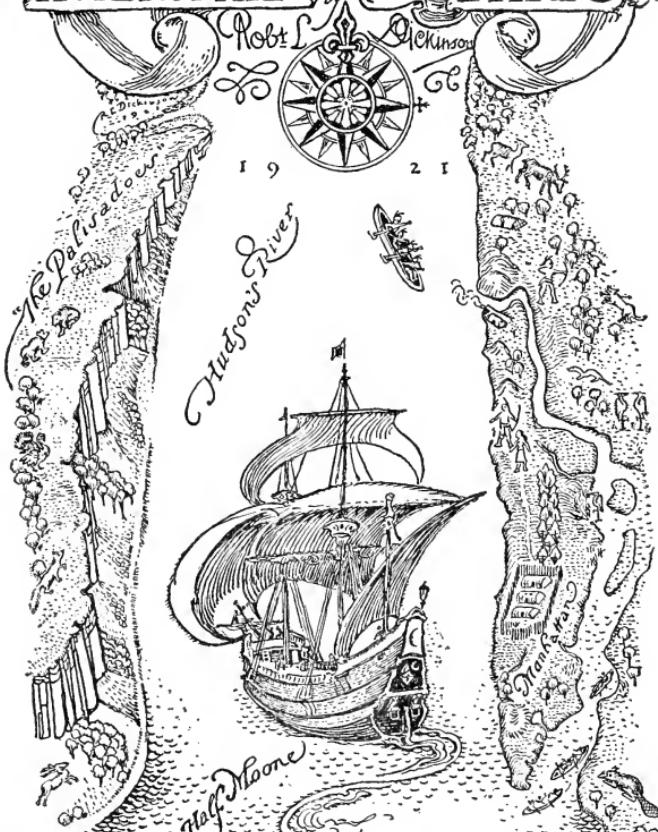
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Robt. L. Dickinson

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PALISADES INTERSTATE PARK



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K. A.
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GREAT scenery near great cities is far to seek. Edinburgh has a mountain in town: so have Rio and Hongkong. Innsbruck and Seoul are girdled with parti-colored peaks. But metropolitan centers like London and Paris and Berlin and Chicago do not offer cliff-climbs and caves whence one can get home to lunch, or camp-life and canoe beaches under big-wood slopes—just across the ferry. New York has provision close at hand for high-heels and hob-nails and the happy hardships of the Scout—stately panorama or book-beneath-the-bough—adventure, discovery, or the mere wandering of desire—for all kinds of its many peoples—in Their Own Wild Park.

All but the northern tip of it is in New Jersey. But it is New York that needs and uses it and pays its proper proportion of the cost. More than twelve miles long, three hundred to five hundred feet to its summits, an eighth of a mile from cliff-top to river-edge, it reaches back, in places, along waterfalls and brooks, into deep woods. In all its forest cover few finer trees are found than those that cling to the stiff slope between precipice and beach. Woods and bush are missing only where gigantic boulders pile as steep as rock will lie, or loose small stone slips in "scree".

All the way, save for an upper detour now and then, a broad path follows close to the water, while along the middle part a drive-way winds beneath the Great Wall. Playgrounds and pavilions, bathing beaches and camp grounds, canoe coves and motor boat basins, and facilities for picnics and cooking fires are everywhere thought out. The lovers of crowds seek packed beaches and shelters to dance in and green tables under the trees to spread out food. The lover of solitude finds it by the half mile in between the ferries on the bluffs, or up the slope, or in the northward parts. Sons discover fathers to be comrades in adventure, and mother-of-the-hot-kitchen sits at ease while children cook. And other lovers there are.

The mountain wildness and grandeur of the Palisades will not be apprehended by those who only see them from a train window a mile away on the opposite shore or from the deck of a river steamer that follows the eastern bank. To them the top appears monotonously level, the wandering fluted front no more than flat wall, and the tree-screen formless as spinach. Actually, along this narrow strip, where most of the mileage is on edge, there is surprising variety—with time and a map to seek it. Spring and its decorative dogwoods, autumn and its flaming maples, are little more alluring than the cool months when the dropped leaf-curtain reveals all vistas and keen air drives leg pistons uphill with none of the wet penalty of August; when the reclining rock giant is quicker to hunt out, the new ascent easier to espy, and hot food and drink are never so comforting.

Map and text will show the variants of walks and what may be

compassed in the hours available. They check up the best outlooks and the rock freaks—huge clefts and little caves, arches and crevices to squeeze through, outstanding obelisks, and other goals for a climb.

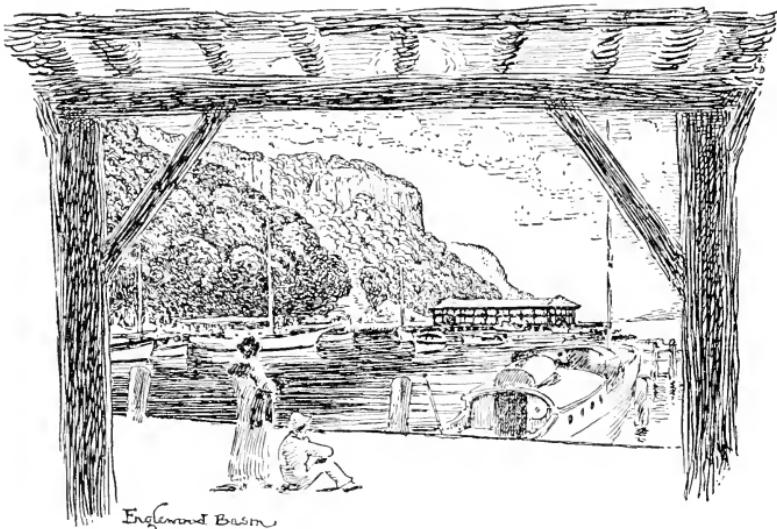
The charts of the amateur mapman try to hark back to the time when the high tide of art in cartography swept round the world, when maps were not abstractions but pictures—the same type that the eye of the airplane is bringing back to us again—picture-maps which, when made for use in this locality, show our shore as though we imagined ourselves *flying along the edge over the river*. The rest of the chart, the vertical geography, the view of the front that fits the topside sketchmap, is to lure us aloft. This front view has been outlined as it looks in spring or fall when the growth exposes what it hides in summer, while the evergreens are drawn Noah's-Ark-fashion to help in the search for particular places. The drawings are memoranda of the fountain pen to hint at the temptations.

The history is only touched upon, as it has been already written. The getting of the land, under the impulse of a great idea, at an outlay equal to that for a lot on Wall Street, is (all too briefly) told, in order that we may know whom to thank—we who might still be shuffling restless feet on pavements, possessed of no place to hang them over into the sky, nor river to wade into. And now this place and what it provides for dwellers in a sea-city, for Americans who drive and sit and cannot walk, who calculate but cannot contemplate, this place may serve to practice some lessons from the Masters in the Use of Out-of-Doors—the British who curtail workhours for exercise, and preserve forests and flowers; the Germans of the guidebook and nature-



picture, the walking tour and the picnic; and the Japanese who perfected the care of, and the reverence for, and the pilgrimage to, wild nature, almost before these other nations were born.

The walker, whose wanderings of the week-ends of two winters, autumns and springtimes, jotted down, were made into this little guide, records his hearty appreciation of the courtesies extended by the Park authorities, especially by the General Manager of all parts of the Park, Major William A. Welch. He acknowledges his indebtedness to the little book by Arthur C. Mack, issued 16 years ago by the Palisade Press of Edgewater, "The Palisades of the Hudson"; to Professor C. P. Berkey of Columbia University; to Messrs. Ludlow Griscom and H. E. Anthony of the American Museum of Natural History; and to the funds of knowledge kindly drawn upon, in verbal communications, by Mr. William O. Allison of Englewood and Mr. L. H. Tavernier of Alpine. The American Geographical Society is in no way responsible for the shortcomings of this offhand cartography, nor the Park Commissioners for any suggested climbs that possess elements of danger. This is a personal appreciation of a Great Playground.

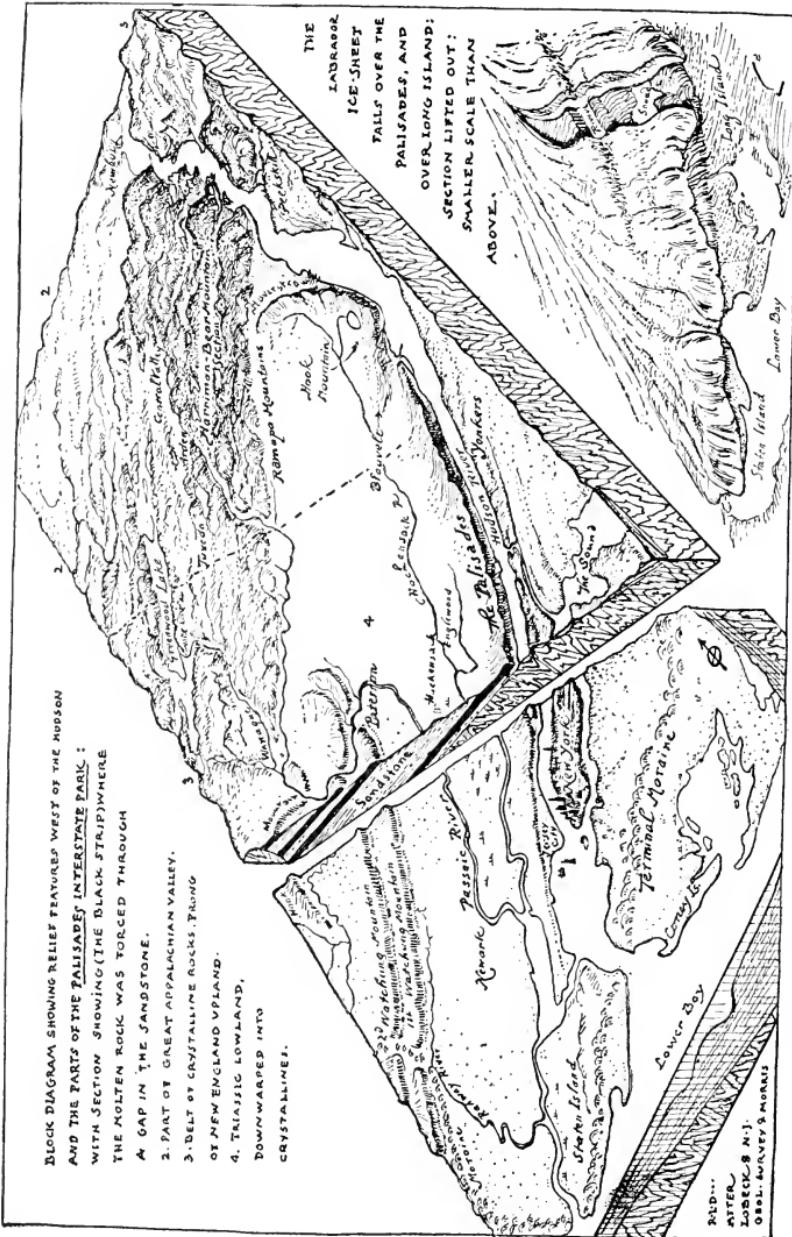


GEOLOGY

The average visitor to a scenic park close to a great city goes there to rest and recreate mind and body and is but little concerned with the geologic formations that are the bases of the attractions and beauties of the place. At Palisades Park, however, the attention of the most casual observer must be immediately drawn and his curiosity aroused by the striking upright wall of rock from which the region derives its name.

What was the process by which this wall was built of two kinds of rock, and why on one side of the river only?

The rocks of the Palisades Section of the park are, almost exclusively, of two kinds, the Newark sandstones and the intrusive Palisades diabase. For millions of years there accumulated on the lowlands, of which a broad belt of this part of the present state of New Jersey then consisted, layer upon layer of sand and mud washed down from the higher lands, in times of high water, and spread out over wide areas thousands of feet deep. Solidified, partly by pressure but in greater part by the deposition of mineral matter which penetrated the porous mass and cemented its particles together, these deposits became the so-called Newark sandstones. Today they lie under the Palisades and beneath the Hackensack meadows. The sandstone is to be seen, red, in the old Dutch house walls. The city's sad chocolate-colored fronts are sandstone. It belongs to the Triassic age, and in its layers are to be found the foot-prints of the land animals of that age among which were huge amphibians that wandered about over the mud-flats of their time. The oldest inhabitant of New York City, of whom any authentic relics have been found, curled himself up and laid himself down to die and got himself turned into stone in our Park, in the township of Fort Lee, along the shore near Dupont Dock. There he was discovered in 1911 in "the sandy marl hardened or rather burned by the over-hanging trap" rock, twenty feet below the basalt. The Museum pictures him—the First Fossil of New York town, barring a few fishes—and he looks something like a narrow-nosed, long-legged alligator, 23 feet from his slender snout to the tip of his tapering

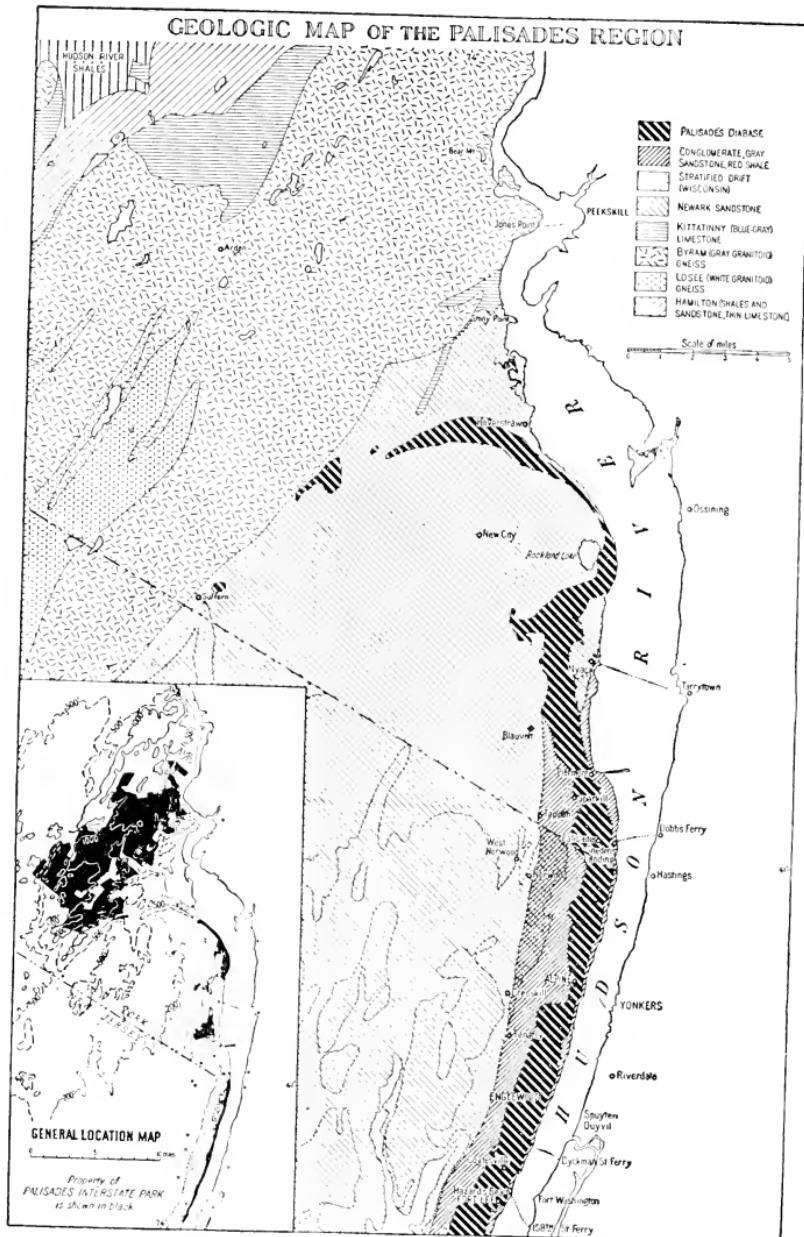


tail. He is a phytosaur, and his name is *Rutidion manhattanensis* —a happy creature, nevertheless, permitted to stay in swimming all day long. There are also to be found mud-cracks and fossils of fresh-water fish that testify to the continental origin of the sediments. The reddish ledges show along the shore path in many places (as above and below Alpine, view, Map E, and picture, page 28). White and red are in sharp contrast. This rock is chiefly near the river level and is usually hidden behind the talus, but not far from the State line it rises as high as 180 feet above the water.

After these sandstones had been formed, sometime in the ages that followed, molten rock was forced upward through rifts in them, forming immense dykes and sills or sheets 700 to 1,000 feet thick and now stretching some 40 miles along the Hudson. When the molten mass cooled, contraction broke the sheet whose edge now forms the Palisades into great crude vertical columns. They are less handsome or regular in form but less monotonous than their cousins at Fingal's Cave in Staffa, Scotland, or the continuation, the Giants Causeway in northern Ireland. There are other such sills to the west, in the Watchung Range that makes Essex Park near Orange. This diabase, or trap rock, as it is called, is much more resistant to weather and water than sandstone. Consequently the crumbling away of the sandstone has left it exposed as we see it today.

In the Highlands of the Hudson is located the Bear Mountain-Harriman Park section, and here we have to do with a quite different series of geologic events. Hereabout stood great mountains, in places reaching a height of 10,000 feet, among them the so-called Taconic Mountains, only the roots of which remain today. The sedimentary rocks of this region were laid down in the sea floor, layer by layer, until thousands of feet had accumulated. Those were the days of no higher life than the simple fishes many tens of millions of years before the Newark sandstones were formed. Then a great compressive force in the earth's crust tilted, folded, and elevated the ocean floor in the region of the Highlands and thus brought into being a magnificent moun-

GEOLOGIC MAP OF THE PALISADES REGION



tain range. On account of the great heat and the pressure the marine sediments were greatly changed in character. Gneisses and schists outcrop along the Hudson and form the chief rocks of the Highlands. Though some are altered sediment most of them are known as igneous rocks. While uplift was going on and in all the ages since then the weather and the streams have been wearing down the surface. Wide valleys were formed, the rocks flaked here and crumbled there. Torn by the gullies and riven by the frosts, the whole surface was worn down to a region of moderate elevation until we have low, rounded ridges which are left as highland country only because the softer rock on either side has been more recently worn away.

Then another force acted on these cliffs. Once magnolias grew in Greenland, but before the slow advance of ice sheets forests took flight. From Labrador a glacier covering this part of the continent moved on, a mile deep at the Catskills, and dropped over the Palisades in an "ice-fall" notably thicker than the elevation of these cliffs themselves, to end in a well-marked front on Staten Island and Long Island (see lower right-hand corner of block diagram, page 6). The tools of the glacier were the sharp rock fragments borne along under the enormous weight above. Their work may be seen in the deep gouges in the specimen at the entrance of the American Museum of Natural History. Striae are in great abundance on the Palisades, in places several inches to a foot deep and five feet wide, as at Englewood. The polish on hard rocks is shown at Alpine's old schoolhouse. The ice scours off loose earth, carries a vast amount of debris on its surface or frozen into it, and thus transports rocks even as big as a seven-storey house. Our region has plenty of samples brought from the Highlands of the Hudson. If landed today, at the rate

The above is chiefly from W. J. Miller: The Geological History of New York State, *New York State Museum Bull. No. 168*, Albany, 1914; R. D. Salisbury and others: The Glacial Geology of New Jersey (Geological Survey of New Jersey, Vol. 5), Trenton, 1902; H. F. Cleland: Geology, Physical and Historical, New York, 1916.

The diagram is enlarged in area from A. K. Lobeck: The Superb Position of New York City as a center for Physiographic Study, *Annals New York Acad. of Sci.*, Vol. 28, 1918, pp. 1-5. For Phytosaur see: W. D. Matthew, *Amer. Journ. of Sci.*, Vol. 33, 1912, p. 397; and F. von Huene, in *Bull. Amer. Museum of Natural History*, Vol. 32, 1913, p. 275.

of the speediest boulder train, these would have started in the time of Caesar. Some that passed by, from the Adirondacks to Long Island, took ten thousand years to make the journey. The best of these erratics is in Englewood Cliffs (page 26). Another, of Triassic sandstone, lies $\frac{1}{3}$ mile northwest of Coytesville, at an elevation of 230 feet, and measures 15 by 10 by 6 feet. For a million years the ice was at work and then it withdrew, some 25,000 years ago or more.

HISTORY

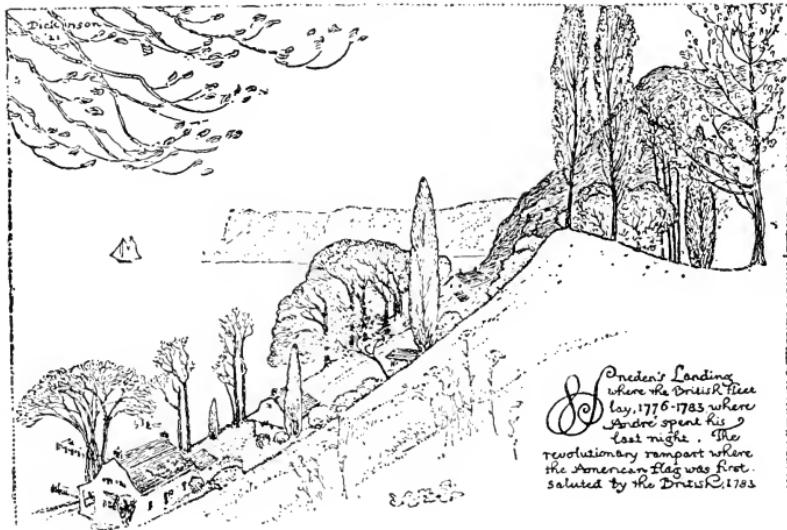
A sea route to India shorter than that around Africa was once an object of wide exploration. In 1609 an Englishman in command of a Dutch ship, while hunting for the Northwest Passage, sailed up a great arm of the sea running toward the north. September 13 of that year, Henry Hudson, in the Half Moon, made his second anchorage that day opposite the future site of Fort Lee. Finding no outlet up the river, Hudson, returning, was attacked at a point opposite Hazards Beach by the Indians who lived on the bank north of Spuyten Duyvil. A reproduction of the ship lies in Popolopen Creek at Bear Mountain. She was 58½ feet long, 16 feet beam, and 80 tons burden. As she sails up the cover design she is met by Indians in a dugout sketched from a boat in the Museum of the American Indian at Broadway and 155th Street, a canoe dug up in the meadows west of the Palisades. The animals on the cover are drawn from the early Dutch maps. The bark huts in which the Indians lived are seen on Manhattan, surrounded with "palisades," or a stockade of logs on end.

We think of the Palisades as wooded or inaccessible waste land. But the layers of oyster shells and the arrow heads south of Alpine and at Cape Flyaway and Cape Comfort along the shores or terraces show that the Indians appreciated the bivalves and the fish as much as their immediate successors, the whites. In the days when roads were uniformly bad, the river constituted an important highway, particularly for our amphibious ancestors of the canal and the sea. The Hollanders peopled this strip of

ours in such numbers that no part of northern New Jersey, according to Mr. Allison, save only Hackensack, had as many inhabitants as "Under-the-Mountain," in the old days when the word "Palisade" was not used but the cliffs were known as the "Mountain." On the terraces "Under-the-Mountain" or "Under-the-Hill" one little farm crowded another and several of these lasted until the Park crowded them out, the descendants of the original settlers still tilling the ground and gathering, from tall and ancient trees, famous French pears. These families became the richest in the county, their prosperity due to the shallows of the river and the rocks on the shore. The river in front swarmed with shad in season. The swamp-edged island of Manhattan required docks and bulkheads. Here, close at hand, were blocks of extreme hardness already shaped for wall building and also soft stone for house construction. Though Indian names can hardly be encountered, the Dutch left many, but these are not altogether simple to recognize when given English sounds. While the hollows where the Greenbrook Lake is to be, always known as "the Kelders," is readily seen to mean "the cellars," it requires study to trace "Bombay Hook" to "Boomje," little tree. "The Miraculous," the name of the glen south of Englewood Landing, is puzzling. It is not derived from the spirits of this vicinage, its neighbors the Sisters of the Peace, inasmuch as they did not arrive till long after it was christened.

In the days when river steamers burned wood, they slid it down where the water was deep inshore—hence High Gutter Point. In the time when fireplaces heated houses, the rich New Yorkers bought sections on top of the Mountain, each with a convenient "pitching place." The spot chosen for throwing down the wood must have, beneath, not huge rocks where logs would wedge or smash, but a smooth or small-stone slope, and the cliff edge would better overhang the river with a fair landing below. For example, there was one on Allison Point; one in front of Edgecliff; the De Peyster pitching place was north of Clinton Point; and another (Jeffries) with a stone dock, north of Greenbrook.

We have spoken of this region as occupied by the Dutch. The



exception was "English Neighborhood," later developing Englewood out of a settlement called Liberty Pole.

As the Revolutionary history of this neighborhood has been given with considerable fullness by Mr. Mack, and these are days to obliterate the ill-feeling of the past, only an epitome is needed here. In 1776, when control of the river was all-important, General Hugh Mercer built Fort Lee (for location see map A at the back, and access map, page 45), while a redoubt on the cliff above Hazards Beach guarded the sunken ships and chained logs obstructing the river and stretching across to Jeffries Hook, where the little lighthouse now stands. Above the point, this highest land within the present New York city was crowned by Fort Washington, supposed by some of Washington's officers to be impregnable. The location of the battle of Harlem Heights may be seen by looking across to the dip at 130th St. ferry and to Columbia University, for Barnard College stands on the famous buckwheat field. After this fight the Americans marched along the shore which is opposite us to dig in at White Plains, and after that encounter the English army marched south over

the same road to attack Fort Washington. The Father of his Country watched, from our side, that disaster and surrender, and then, as Cornwallis crossed at Alpine with 6,000 men, had to order Fort Lee and all its stores of war material abandoned in such haste that the British found the kettles on the fires. This anguish of the Great American is the sad memory of the south end of our Park. Through the northern extremity one of our most admired enemies passed on the day before his death. After negotiations with the traitor Arnold for the surrender of West Point, Major André was captured on the eastern shore and brought across at Snedens Landing on his way to trial at Tappan.

From this point we may pass on to the time when the city opposite the Great Wall was slowly aroused to the devastations of the quarrymen blasting their way along the cliffs for trap rock for roads and concrete. To check this activity the Palisades Interstate Park Commission was created in 1900. The name of George W. Perkins will always stand out as the organizing genius of this movement and its development, and with the story of his leadership may be coupled the generous action of J. Pierpont Morgan at a critical time, as well as many notable gifts such as the deed of land by the Twombleys. The Park is controlled by an unpaid Commission appointed by the Governors of the two states, and has been supported in equal measure by state and private contribution. The original cost of the Palisades section was about a half million dollars. The value of the park lands will increase rapidly, of which the most striking witness is Central Park, now worth 175 times what it cost in 1865. It is to be hoped that all those parts of the upper cliff that command particularly fine outlooks or exhibit unusual features may be secured before residences shut out the public. The vast twin buttresses of Ruckman Point are gone. Clinton Point, Bombay Hook, and Indian Head are examples of great promontories that should not be lost, and the northern end of the Park has no adequate outlet.

For details concerning the history and development of this section see Arthur C. Mack's valuable little book "Palisades of the Hudson," Palisade Press, Edgewater, 1909; Dr. J. F. Kunz's speech in the volumes on the Hudson-Fulton Celebration; and the Report of the Commissioners for the 20th Anniversary.

ANIMALS

Any of the following might be found, and those that are sure to be found belong in the first group, the list being furnished by Mr. H. E. Anthony, Associate Curator of Mammals, American Museum of Natural History:

Red fox, weasel, red squirrel, chipmunk, white-footed mouse, meadow mouse, jumping mouse, cottontail rabbit, little brown bat, big brown bat, common mole, short-tailed shrew.

Raccoon, skunk, muskrat, opossum, gray squirrel.

The descriptions of them and their habits will be found in "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey" by Samuel Rhoads, published by Wickersham, Lancaster, Pa., 1903, and "American Animals," by Stone and Crane, published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Tracks in the snow are pictured in Ernest Thompson Seton's "Life Histories of North American Animals."

For TREES and FLOWERS there are handy pocket guides, such as those put out by Doubleday, Page & Co. For BIRDS the pocket guides of Chester A. Reed are convenient.

LIST OF BIRDS FOR PALISADES SECTION OF THE PARK (omitting rarer species)

List furnished by Ludlow Griscom, Asst. Curator of Birds, American Museum of Natural History.

Permanent Residents

Red-tailed Hawk	Downy Woodpecker	Goldfinch
Red-shouldered Hawk	Blue Jay	Song Sparrow
Duck Hawk	Crow	Carolina Wren
Sparrow Hawk	Starling	White-breasted Nuthatch
Hairy Woodpecker	House Sparrow	Chickadee

Summer Residents

Green Heron (April 25—Oct.)	Kingfisher (March 25—Dec.)
Spotted Sandpiper (April 25—Oct.)	Flicker (March 25—Dec.)
Yellow-billed Cuckoo (May 15—Oct.)	Whippoorwill (May 1—Oct.)
Black-billed Cuckoo (May 15—Oct.)	Chimney Swift (April 25—Sept. 15)
	Hummingbird (May 10—Sept.)
	Kingbird (May—Sept.)

Crested Flycatcher (May—Sept.)
Phoebe (March 25—Nov.)
Wood Pewee (May 15—Oct.)
Least Flycatcher (May—Sept. 15)
Fish Crow (March 20—Nov.)
Cowbird (April—Nov.)
Meadowlark (March—Nov.)
Red-winged Blackbird (March—Dec.)
Baltimore Oriole (May—Sept.)
Purple Grackle (March—Dec.)
Chipping Sparrow (April—Nov.)
Field Sparrow (April—Nov.)
Towhee (April 20—Nov.)
Rose-breasted Grosbeak (May—Sept.)
Indigo Bunting (May 15—Sept.)
Scarlet Tanager (May—Oct.)
Barn Swallow (April 15—Oct.)
Cedar Waxwing (May 15—Nov.)
Red-eyed Vireo (May 15—Oct.)
Yellow-throated Vireo (May—Oct.)
White-eyed Vireo (May—Sept. 15)
Black and White Warbler (Apr. 25—Oct.)

Worm-eating Warbler (May—Sept.)
Blue-winged Warbler (May—Sept.)
Golden-winged Warbler (May—Sept.)
Yellow Warbler (April 25—Sept.)
Chestnut-sided Warbler (May—Sept.)
Ovenbird (May—Oct.)
Louisiana Water Thrush (April—Oct.)
Northern Yellowthroat (May—Oct.)
Yellow-breasted Chat (May 15—Sept.)
Hooded Warbler (May—Sept.)
Redstart (May—Oct.)
Catbird (May—Oct.)
Thrasher (April 25—Oct.)
House Wren (April 25—Oct.)
Wood Thrush (May—Oct.)
Wilson's Thrush (May—Sept. 15)
Robin (March—Dec.)
Bluebird (March—Dec.)

Winter Residents

Herring Gull (Sept.—May)
American Merganser (Nov.—Apr.)
Golden-eye (Nov.—March)
Black Duck (Sept.—May)
Bald Eagle (Nov.—April)
American Crossbill (Sept.—May)
Redpoll (Dec.—March)
Pine Siskin (Oct.—May)

White-throated Sparrow (Sept.—May 15)
Tree Sparrow (Nov. 1—April 1)
Junco (Sept.—May 1)
Winter Wren (Oct.—May)
Brown Creeper (Oct.—May)
Golden-crowned Kinglet (Oct.—May)

Transient Visitants or Migrants

Pied-billed Grebe (April and Oct.)
Mallard (March and Nov.)
Baldpate (March and Nov.)
Pintail (March and Nov.)
Scaup Duck (March and Nov.)
Ruddy Duck (March—April; Oct.—Nov.)

Canada Goose (March and Nov.)
Great Blue Heron (April and May; Aug.—Oct.)
Solitary Sandpiper (May; Aug.—Sept.)
Sharp-shinned Hawk (April and May; Aug.—Dec.)
Cooper's Hawk (April and May; Sept.—Dec.)
Osprey (April and May; Aug. and Sept.)
Sapsucker (April; Sept. and Oct.)
Nighthawk (May; Aug. and Sept.)
Rusty Blackbird (March—May; Oct.—Dec.)
Purple Finch (March—May; Sept.—Dec.)
Fox Sparrow (March; Oct.—Dec.)
Tree Swallow (April and May; July—Oct.)
Bank Swallow (May; Aug.—Oct.)
Solitary Vireo (April 15—May 15; Sept. 15—Oct. 15)
Nashville Warbler (May; Sept.)
Parula Warbler (May; Aug.—Oct.)
Black-throated Blue Warbler (May; Sept.)
Myrtle Warbler (April and May; Sept. and Oct.)
Magnolia Warbler (May; Aug. and Sept.)
Bay-breasted Warbler (May)
Blackpoll Warbler (May; Aug—Oct. 15)
Blackburnian Warbler (May; Aug. and Sept.)
Black-throated Green Warbler (April 25—May; Sept. and Oct.)
Pine Warbler (April)
Palm Warbler (April; Sept. 15—Oct. 15)
Northern Water Thrush (May; Aug. and Sept.)
Wilson's Warbler (May; Aug.—Sept. 15)
Canadian Warbler (May; Aug. and Sept.)
Red-breasted Nuthatch (April—May; Sept.—Dec.)
Ruby-crowned Kinglet (April—May 15; Sept.—Nov. 1)
Gray-cheeked Thrush (May; Sept.)
Olive-backed Thrush (May; Sept.)
Hermit Thrush (April—May 15; Oct.—Dec.)

STATISTICS

Of the various parts of the Palisades Interstate Park, the Bear Mountain-Harriman Park section covers 33,708 acres, Hook Mountain 780, Blauvelt 550, and the Palisade section 1,100 acres, the largest single piece of the latter, at Greenbrook, being 160 acres. The total length is about $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Between cliff-top and water the width averages something under $\frac{1}{8}$ mile, the least breadth at one place at Bluff Point, 200 feet; the

greatest at Greenbrook, a half mile. The maximum elevation at the front, 530 feet, is at one place west of Forest View and another north of it, while the highest clear cliff, or precipice, is 330 feet. The top thus reaches two-thirds of the height of the Woolworth Building (792 feet); it is loftier than the cliff called Equitable. The elevations on our maps are in part from

the U. S. Geological Survey, but chiefly from a map of the front made for the Commission by Mr. C. C. Vermeule, in 1900, with 10-foot contours and some 17 inches to the mile. The location of the cliff edge in this guide is from Vermeule, but the lesser jogs one has been apt to exaggerate in order to render a location more readily recognizable. Woodroads and paths are from packing and crude compass readings.

This season's visitors are given, up to September 18 (1921), as 1,005,000; the total number of bathers is reported as 254,000; the motor boats landing, 4,691; the number of canoes landing, 19,865. To cover 4,000 camping weeks 1,600 permits were given, with as many as 300 tents in use at one time

The *camp sites* were formerly from Englewood to Canoe Beach. Between Twombleys and Forest View there are (1921) three groups, the men at the north, the families next, and the women lower down; and for these the fee is nominal. To the south, on the Twombley plateaus, is a camp with much higher charges.

The *drinking water* is from springs analyzed each year. Any found affected are closed. An arrangement is under way to provide all this section with service water pipes of the Hackensack company. The mains are largely laid on the Boulevard. On the maps drinking places are marked W.



GENERAL DESCRIPTION

Walks, views, climbs, and drives. A broad and level path follows the water's edge for 12½ miles. Here and there it runs at a higher level, and there is a rocky part north of Forest View. In some spots parallel paths or trails take one along an upper terrace. A few excellent paths lead to the top and so do numerous trails or tracks. The front of the summit of the cliff is accessible by footways running the greater part of its length, and, where private residences occupy the edge, the road along the summit is but a short distance back. This road is wooded and has few views unless one makes detours to the front. It is shaded only in the afternoon. This is Hudson Terrace and Sylvan Avenue south of Englewood Cliffs, and the Boulevard above. The northern part is in poor condition (1921) as shown on the Access Map. There automobiles do not bother the pedestrian. It is useful when late to dinner or in packing to camp. At Englewood and Alpine stately driveways drop to the river, and in between runs a fine motor road. It serves the walker well when the big spring thaw softens the shore path, and sauntering high-heels like it. Even in bad weather the cliff-top paths are rarely muddy, and when the upper loam road is so, there are wood roads carpeted with grass. Mostly the snow blows off these upper levels. The wood trails on the slope are wild as the wild mountains in a thousand places, and there are clefts to climb all along the dozen miles. Thus there is interesting tramping all the year round, and all variety of effort. In the spring after a thaw the steep slopes are said to be dangerous, as it is then that rock masses are likely to hang loosened. At no time of year has anyone any business on these sharp inclines who has not incessantly in mind that he must start no stone rolling, lest someone below be hurt. In very many places the stone could not reach the drive or path beneath, and in most it would be arrested by the undergrowth or rock piles. Nevertheless lack of care is inexcusable. Yet if, for this reason, all were barred from these declivities, it would be a hardship on people with muscles in their legs that need mountains, and spirits that crave discoveries.

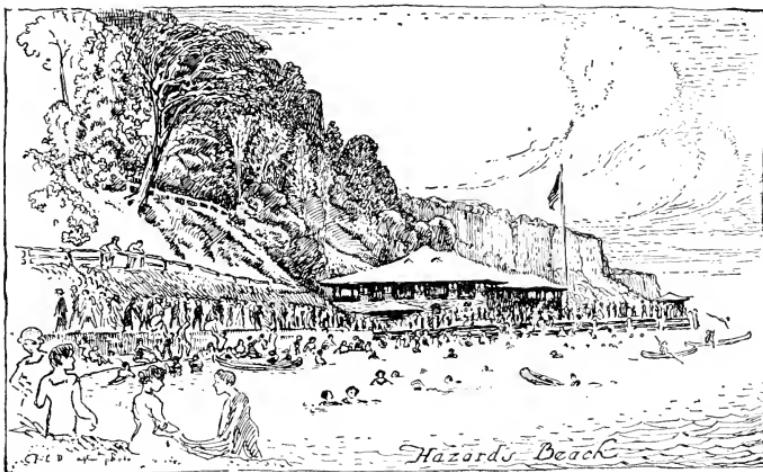
SHORT WALKS AND CLIMBS

Fort Lee and Hazards Beach (Map A; for access, see Access Map). The lower section of the Palisades is reached best by 158th St.-Hazards ferry in warmer months and by 130th St. in winter. In New York City take ferry at 130th St. This is called Fort Lee or Edgewater or Manhattan Avenue ferry indifferently. It is at the end of the 125th St. cross-town car-lines, and some of the Broadway cars go there. It is two blocks from the Broadway-7th Ave. station at 125th St. which is 20 minutes from Times Square. As the south end of the Bluff is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of the ferry landing and the road is uninteresting, take trolley labeled Fort Lee to Main St. (15 min.). The location of the old fort is shown in the map. No remains are now visible, but in digging almost any cellar hereabouts, bullets and regimental buttons are found, and many stones in the walls are from the huts and fireplaces of the soldiers of Washington's army. These structures covered ground from $\frac{1}{2}$ mile southwest of the statue (Dead Brook Bridge) clear to the river. For Hazards we follow Main St. two blocks to Bigler St. and turn to the left on this street, walking a distance of two long city blocks to the first dirt road on the right. This leads to the front, just above Hazards Beach. A redoubt here guarded the obstructions in the river. A mass of rock stands out from the bluff. The two different sets of steps that lead down to a good path to Hazards and the large number of bathers and canoeists may be noted. We may follow along the top of the cliff, turning to the edge at several points. The best of these is a square promontory down a little slope $\frac{1}{4}$ mile north of the steps, Quarry Cliff (see p. 42). This shows one of the best of the southern rock faces for decorative markings and overhang. Hereabouts, 175 feet farther out, stood a conspicuous buttress, the original Indian Head, until 1899. The little wood inland is solid dogwood toward the cliff. A bit of a lake is planned for the hollow, and there is a tiny pond there now. (Halfway between the steps and promontory a rough way down starts at a little flight of narrow stone steps.) Just before the restaurant property is reached there is a long wooden stair and

an excellent path across the quarry levels to the shore, Quarry Path. (At its lower end, at Carpenters Beach, a good path mounts to the double steps above Hazards.) At the foot of the long stair a narrow path starts around the rock to the left, unpromising at the first turn, but at once showing stone steps and fair going, toward Ross Dock. Halfway down, a decrepit path branches to the left and up to a bit of view out under a cross-block wedged across a cleft. Having reached the shore by any of these footways, one turns south.

Hazards Beach. The pavilion has 2,000 lockers and rooms where bathers may change without charge. In 1921 87,413 persons used these rooms, 32,856 free. A ferry runs to 158th St. in summer. For the return to New York one may (1) take this ferry, or (2) follow the shore path and walk to the Edgewater ferry (2 miles, not recommended), or (3) ascend to take the Fort Lee trolley. This ascent may be by the good path starting just south of the pavilion and going north on the long incline, or by steep trails farther south. The easier of these is found by mounting the steps south of the pavilion, going left at once, and up the first trail. The second, near Bluff Point, is located by following the upper path until just before the river path rises to this upper level.

Bluff Point. This is the southern end of the Park and of the Palisades, so-called, since the lower parts farther south are less interesting and are obstructed with buildings. (1) The only good path is reached via Main St., downhill, and the first little road on the left, through trees. (2) For a more interesting way to reach the Point one leaves the Fort Lee car (see Access Map) before reaching Main St. at the little park with a statue of soldiers of the Revolution by Tefft, crosses the park and takes the street beyond, downhill, right fork, to the motor road and down this road a short block to a path ascending between high walls. Or, beyond the walls, a stony field road and the first path on the left, circle the foot of the ledges and lead, in 50 yards, to a steep path up. There are several little climbs up the rocks on the southern and southeastern faces. The view from Bluff Point, once



famous, is much damaged by smoke and a middle distance made up of factories and a graveyard of river-craft. In 1776 there were earthworks on the southern tip, a redoubt about in a line with Main St., and an abatis (trees and brush) further north. Dots on Map A indicate Park property, with a strip of private property squarely across the summit. This is easily circled only on its Fort Lee side. The makeshift bungalows of summer campers below the Point are not a Park camp. Going 100 yards north from the Point, at a tree with a double blaze, one finds a steep descent, slippery in wet weather. At the base of the rock, following a weak trail 200 feet, the first gap gives access to the top under a horizontal block halfway up. The next climb is opposite Dupont Dock. Just to the north of the line of the dock an outstanding block about 12 feet high provides a tight squeeze for a stout lad, and close by is a little cave up the rock for which a rope is needed (see p. 22).

The circuit given above from Fort Lee round the Quarry Path to Hazards and back to Fort Lee can be done in an hour, but this allows little time to see the views. There are restaurants and grocery stores at Fort Lee and Coytesville.



Fort Lee to Englewood Ferry. About $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, either along the cliff front with short detours to the road to circle private property or by the wide and level path along the shore. Hazards Beach Ferry or 130th St. Ferry and Fort Lee trolley. (1) On the top above Hazards, after passing the Quarry Cliff, instead of descending at the long stair, turn left to road and, passing around the restaurant and houses, come to the front again at Coytesville

Park for the view and the cleft. Twice the detour is repeated further on, the second time for a good Italian house and a studio with a cold stone lady on a rock. North of this (Map B) the river is shut off from sight by lower growth until one approaches The Miraculous, the open space and fine trees south of the building of the Sisters of the Peace.

There are interesting descents here, if somewhat rough, either before one comes to the brook gully or alongside the brook. The path crosses the brook at the foot of the cliff and zigzags down toward the ferry. Remaining above, we make the circuit of the Sisters' land and go to the front to the promontory above Englewood Ferry, Allison Point, with its fine view. There is a tempting slide close to the viewpoint down a strikingly picturesque cut, but rock loosened in such a descent would endanger the road below, notwithstanding the fact that the Park force have cleared away all stone in danger of falling that rock monkeys could lay hands on. Halfway along the retreating part of the ledges there is a dip and up again for good climbers. The little opening that makes a short cut to the first turn of the motor road

is the Devil's Elbow. His elbow is shabby because the Park authorities decline to keep interesting passages like this in order in the very natural fear that inexperienced walkers would take to them and, for lack of care, come to grief. The two good ways down are by a path or, for the sake of the views, down the sidewalk that runs along the motor road. Near the foot of the roadway there is a fine mass of tumbled rock. (2) Along the river path from Bluff Point to Englewood Landing (Maps A and B) there are many charming bits, such as Pine Point and where trees overhang the water (see p. 24, River Path). For a mile south of Englewood Landing the terraces and open groves make ideal picnic places and playgrounds for little children, either on the grass or among big boulders. Fires may be made along shore.

For "scrambles" the chances south of Ross Dock have been indicated. Just north of Ross Dock a straight-up track leads to several striking formations and good ledges. An immense squat column stands, as the sketch shows, on a base (olivine, degenerated trap) that gives a thrilling but false suggestion that it might crumble at any time. Dropping down as far as the foot of the ledges and skirting them northward one can shortly ascend again on an old path near a tiny waterfall (after rain). There might well be a trail or path along the foot of the cliff, for as we proceed a bit of a cave appears and, above Pine Point and before the next brook bed, there is, first, a leaning column that our boy comrade, for its dignity, dubs "fallen Caesar" in his toga, and, farther on, a cliff arch to pass under, while there are several possible ascents not too simple.

From Englewood Ferry Landing south and north (Map B; for access, see Access Map). For easy walks the river path is





broad and level, and the return may be made on the terrace path. *Englewood Grove* and its grass and rocks have been mentioned. Northward from the ferry the shore path also winds picturesquely after the Playground has been crossed. The return may be made on the Drive along which *Undercliff Grove* furnishes the same big trees and grassy slopes and massive rocks as the southern grove. To get to the top of the cliffs from the Landing, the sidewalk of the motor road, the Approach, shows the easiest grade and best views, but has little shade and no seats until the top is reached. The pathway is good grade. It starts a short distance up the drive way and passes under the road high up, but a branch goes left to the uppermost elbow of the road to a little shortcut. At the top one turns left to the viewpoint above the ferry, Allison Point, proceeding as far south as the fence will permit. This point is clearly seen in the sketch "Cooking supper" as the rock-wall above the ferry and as the cliff-top in the "Englewood Approach." A huge wooden hotel once stood here. Thence one may (1) return to the top of the Approach and follow the roadway down

to its up-river elbow and continue north by the drive that starts there, past the artist's house, once a school for the children "under the Mountain" (see maps), and on to the shore; (2) follow road and cliff edge south to descend at the stair at the Quarry Path and back alongshore, 3 miles in all, or, better, down at Hazards, 4 miles; or (3) proceed nearby, at the Miraculous, along the brook of the Sisters of the Peace; or (4), turning north, choose a rough descent, unless one prefers to walk 3 miles to the wood-road at Lambiers (Map C), down to the shore.

Englewood Landing has well proportioned pavilions at each end of the Basin that holds yachts and motor boats. The buildings, like all of the new construction throughout all sections of the Park, are noteworthy as designs peculiarly adapted to their setting, with dignified and rather massive tree-trunk supports and sweeping roofs and with lower storey of stone in many places (p. 4). Wide playgrounds attract their own crowds on holidays. From Englewood to Alpine is 5 miles in a straight line.

Undercliff. The grove has been described. A bathhouse with 5,000 lockers is under construction. The recess in the cliffs above the grove presents some fine rock masses which might well be traversed by a path for over half a mile. A conspicuous prominence, the Chimney, north of the house, fell in 1920.

Englewood to Greenbrook on Top. The old Dana estate to the north, Edgecliff, is now Park property, but occupied. (There is a faint path along the front, reached by getting over the low wall: the fence is skirted till a trail leads down to an unfinished old road which comes out on the Drive north of the studio.) Proceeding westerly on the avenue that leads to Englewood, we take the first road north, the Boulevard. Just beyond a brook, Demarest Ave., left, leads one long block to the best erratic in Jersey. At the corner, in the woods on the left, stands the boulder that has been carried upward at least



Van Cortlandt Park | Fordham University | Long Island Sound | Hills of Long Island
Hudson | Subway Bway & Thruway | Mall of America
Monument | Spiro's Duyvil | New York University | Dyckman St. Ferry



160 feet by the ice sheet. This perched boulder, *Sampson's Rock*, 8 by 12 by 12, soft red sandstone touching at few points on the hard gray trap rock beneath, has, by its overhang, protected the scratches and polish that should be observed and felt.

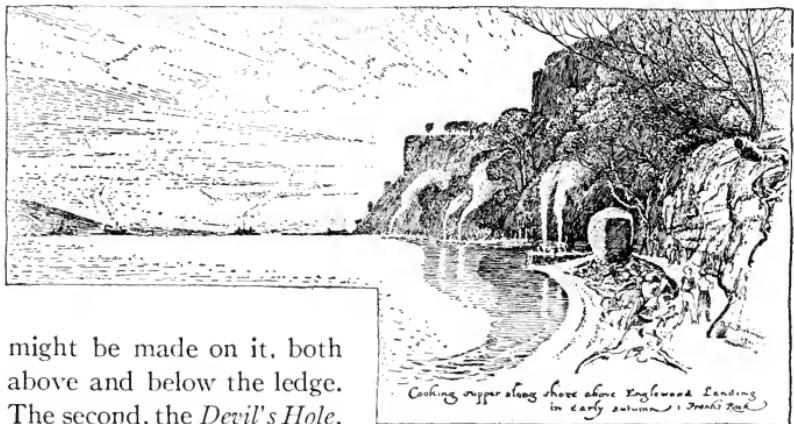
Returning to the Boulevard, and passing private grounds, any one of several paths lead to the front, to a noble, bare, upstanding promontory with a northern outlook which the natives always knew as High Tom but which Mrs. Dana wanted to call the Door of Manitou. Note, on leaving, the fair picture down the cliff-gap, framed in rock—shore and stream beneath, Yonkers beyond. This "breakout" is called the Gorge (see p. 42). The panorama over "Englewood Approach" was outlined from a little ledge south of the promontory. For nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ mile north of High Tom the cliff recedes, and there are half a dozen break-outs with some ascents of very easy grade and others stiff. The Gorge is the longest of these and its footing is in evidence but is not troublesome to one who knows the game. Those close beyond present a group of good ledges just above the cemetery, which may be negotiated with due care without risk of landing there. (The Van Wagonen pitching place is diagonally up from the well, the path starting from the Drive at the first evergreen north of the cemetery.) We circle a fine private residence and arrive at

Clinton Point (Map C). Here along the cliff repeating, table-topped, jutting angles are served by a pleasant grassy road to which branches lead in from Jackson Ave., the short-cut from Englewood, and Clinton Ave., that comes from Tenafly. Few

Harlem	Hellgate	Queensboro	St. John's cathedral	Lower New York
Aqueduct bridge	bridge	Columbia	Grant's tomb	Municipal buildings
Washington Heights		City College	University	Metropolitan tower, Woolworth bldg.



heights along the "Mountain" give a more striking effect from above of a prow overhanging the water and the Drive, or furnish better spots for an automobile picnic, as cars can come to the front. There are four or five ways down. Counting southward from the Point, the first, over 50 yards away, is only for real climbers: we might dub it the Stone-crusher Trail to perpetuate the old local name for Canoe Beach beneath, and better going



might be made on it, both above and below the ledge. The second, the *Devil's Hole*, has more than one passage

inside the rock that makes it, perhaps, the most interesting climb on the Palisades. South of the Point, follow the cliff-edge path over 100 yards to a perched rectangular block on the right (opposite the wood-road that continues Jackson Ave. inward)—thence south to a big upright pile, outstanding; dropping down north of that to sight a tall dead hemlock; so through a slit (or circle on a good ledge) down other passages within the rock, right, to the talus, or débris from the cliff. North of the hemlock there is a scramble up. The third way might be called Wall-face Trail, as it skirts the base of comely polished perpendiculars through big hemlocks. It is the best route down to the beach, and opens just south of Devil's Hole—simple, but steep in spots, and worthy of amending. The fourth ascent is not difficult, and is readily found close to the fence. Its lower end is south of the wide place in the road. The start of the other trails is hard to find from the Drive. The map, with its front view, will show where to start, by a comparison of view on map with the actual skyline.

Canoe Beach and Powder Dock (Map C). The river path is broad and alluring, with numerous old camp sites set along the footway or on little jutting elevations or on an upper terrace. The upper path is somewhat overgrown and has no views, so that to return on one's tracks the Drive may be followed. The camp

sites are now above Alpine. Here are attractive lunch and cooking places and canoe beaches. Clinton Point makes a picture between the trees.

Immediately before reaching *Lambiers Dock* a road mounts past a construction camp to the Drive. On the Drive a short distance south a comely steep ascent is to be found, or north of the buildings the old Buckingham quarry road offers a good grade. As this reaches the upper level the path leads off to the view on page 1. The tip of Lambiers Dock gives a fine profile of several of the headlands, as far as Man-in-the-Rock. The path continues to Buttermilk Falls, a trickle in August and an ice-mass in January, but, in spring, after rain, as impressive as the sketch taken from the river shows. Beyond, to Huylers, the river path has suffered a sea change, but is passable. A path up, near the fall, is planned.

Greenbrook Region, including Lambiers (Map C). This is 3 miles north of Englewood and 2 miles south of Alpine. It is the largest wild area of the Palisades section of the Park, extending back from the river more than $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. The map, and particularly the drawing beneath the map, gives an idea of the rugged wooded hills, interspersed with brooks and waterfalls, where numerous places are provided for two people to occupy balcony seats like that on the first page of this guide to happiness and health. The only easy mounting is by the road at Lambiers or by the path back of Huylers, but the three brooks and the gap just south of the road from Lambiers furnish openings for climbs. There will be a large lake back in the woods some day, and then the road will be shifted west of it. This hollow was called "the Kelders" (Dutch for "cellars"). The brooks are worth following up. *Buttermilk Falls* should be seen from the shore and from the bridge and on a little ledge overhanging them on the north side, and these points show in the sketch.

As yet there is no path or trail up the falls, but one can scramble to the height of the bridge (170 feet), take the old wooden steps north of the bridge and reach the middle of the upper fall; and so up. As for the climbs of the cliff-front of Greenbrook other than



those mentioned, warning should be given that there is much loosened rock and they are unsafe. The columnar structure is in evidence here, as shown on page 1 and on Map C south of the southerly brook. All this part of Hudson Drive is finely wooded and stately, rising well above the river to the sweep of the concrete bridge across Greenbrook.

Huylers (Maps C and D). From the foot of the Falls the path follows the river, then mounts to the old house. The two ways to the top start on the Drive south of the house. The path to the left is better than the wood-road but comes out on it higher up. There is little outlook from the front. A path leaves the wood-road to lead to the Boulevard, and along the Boulevard one goes south to Greenbrook, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, but

the first or second wood-road may be taken into the Park. To go northward on the Boulevard is to be confined to the road for $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles, nearly to Alpine; so the shore is recommended for this stretch. The shore path is very picturesque. The drive is shaded and looks up to jagged skyline and good piers and pinnacles.

Alpine (Maps D and E; for access, see Access Map). Residences make up this village, scattered partly along the cliff, and owning the front except at one spot (440 on map). (The only laurel grove remaining of all the former thickets, is on the McNell place.) The landing has the old Cornwallis headquarters as the Park office. The Approach roadway runs a long slant southward before it turns to skirt the base of the precipices high above. In ascending, one should not miss the weird flamelike outline of the rock against the sky. The panorama from Bombay Hook shows the landing and the road above it. The shorter way up is a

pretty zigzag road, from the first elbow of which the northward path begins. From the dock do not omit to look north to see the slender curved pinnacle of Bombay Hook, Man-in-the-Rock (as shown on p. 35).

For lesser walks the mile or two south of the Landing (Map D) is a path full of variety and charm, which wanders up and down, owing



to washouts on the river-edge way, and the return, if desired, may be along Drive. The big boulder by the river is known as Hay-Kee-pook, whence an Indian lover is said to have committed suicide. This may be derived from the Delaware Indian words, W'ha-ki-a-puchk (His-body-rock). Greenbrook is 2 miles below, and the road up, at Lambiers $\frac{1}{4}$ mile farther. The Falls may be seen from the shore and, by rising at Lambiers to the Drive, from the bridge also. Northward from



Alpine one goes by the road that leaves the Landing sharply upward, and, at the first turn, at a white house, continues on this level past fine hemlocks, a brook, some small houses at Cape Fly-away, and then good woods. ForestView is somewhat over 2 miles, and one passes the camps and some of the best cliffs on the way. The return should be by the shore, and there are paths at more than one level. One may well go far enough north of Forest View to see the Great Rocks, some close (p. 36), some $\frac{3}{4}$ mile further (p. 38). One would best take the ferry direct from Forest View to Yonkers, or go north on the Rock Path, up Gutter Point Path to Waterfall Creek, Palisade village, and from there by Snedens Landing and Dobbs Ferry, in summer, or from Palisade to Tappan, in winter. From Alpine to Englewood the distance is 5 miles in direct line: from Alpine to Snedens Landing by path and road, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Excelsior has pavilions and camps, tall trees, and open slopes well grassed. The view from above gives the form of this shore. The ferry makes a stop here.



Twombleys has the same general character. From the layers of oyster shell found here it is believed, like Cape Flyaway, to have had its Indian camps or villages. The old name was Point Comfort. Up above, there stands out the largest separated section of rock, Gray Crag, some 300 feet long and 10 to 20 feet wide. The crevice between the rock island and the mainland is spanned by a bridge. A second bridge connecting the two portions is visible from below.

Bombay Hook. The highest, the most isolated, and the most conspicuous pillar of rock of all the Palisades curves upward, literally curves upward, at the foot of the cliff between two mighty slides at this point. This pillar, 70 feet high, is *Man-in-the-Rock*. From Alpine ferry or dock one should look for it, as, close at hand, it is hard to distinguish from the cliff face behind it. The map locates it for us when we stand beneath. It is worth a climb to understand how the blocks are balanced, one upon another. The path to the summit of the "Mountain" starting north of the brook, steep and little shaded, leads up to this, the first of the 500-foot levels, to the Table Rock, and to strange rifts in the plateau. Note, on the map, how this old brook bed on top



running south shows complete breaks in its course. The vast cliff has apparently given way, undermined by water, and slid outward bodily until there are little crevasses 10 feet deep, 100 feet and more from the front, parallel to the front line, toppling trees over and with good sized trees growing in one gap. The front will also reward exploration, where the cliffs broke away, and the little cleft facing up-river with the hemlocks growing in it. This latter calls loudly for a trail from below. From this point one follows a path

and then a wood-road to the open space at the end of

Ruckman Road. Here is a view of a straight rock-wall at one of the high points, 520 feet. A pillar leans against the cliff below (see p. 37). A detour, this time not inconsiderable, is necessary to get to Indian Head or Forest View.

Forest View (Map F). (Ferry from Yonkers in summer.) No part of the park boasts better scenery, whether from below or above, and hereabouts the cliffs are highest and fall farthest. We wander about on the big green playground and look up southward to the two vast bastions called Ruckmans Point, or north to the forest slopes that fall from Indian Head. Standing where the path from the dock crosses the outer lengthwise path, the best aspect of the face comes out, not the Indian or the Padroon but the Yankee pioneer. Then we note the evergreen grove and get the last drink for some time or fill the canteen. We leave the young people, who think this setting was planned for baseball, or dancing, or sitting on a big flat rock up the hill before an exquisite vista of river framed in foliage—which they fail to notice.

Women's Federation Park has a comely front on the cliff,

reached by a good path that starts among the evergreens but has a branch—the southerly of the two north of the pavilion. The upper part has steps with high risers, then swings left and forward. The path to the Boulevard is at the south fence. The brook comes from a flat called the Corn-Lot, or Maisland Hollow.

Indian Head (Map F). Mounting by the same path, either (1) At top of steps go up 50 feet, turn

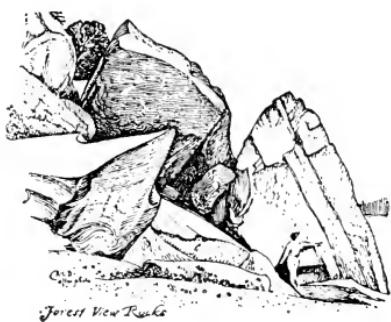
right, dip to brook, and along a slant and up the ledges. Watch your step, since, if there be copperheads, this may be the place in the sun for these little venomous snakes that are colored like autumn leaves. Above, after passing through bushes, the front is open bare rock, overhanging, with views. Or (2) a better and more open way—at top of steps mount 100 yards, and, where the wide path turns left, keep on, right, down, cross brook, and ascend. On reaching low growth watch for right fork, leading through hemlock wood, and thus avoid the suspicious ledges. North of the open space about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile (by path back from the front) is the high point, 530 feet, with the cliff dropping 330 feet. (The other high point is at the house above Forest View pavilion.) Looking south along the edge, one sights the face, a hook-nosed Indian with low forehead and, for feathers, bushes bent backward. Beyond this, across a stone wall, are open fields, and here a round little oak grows solitary on a glorious basalt pillar outstanding from talus to top, a miniature El Capitan. Proceeding and crossing the stone wall where the path bends to the front, one looks back on an imposing façade of rock,



*From Alpine Ferry on dock,
north to Bonchay Hook*

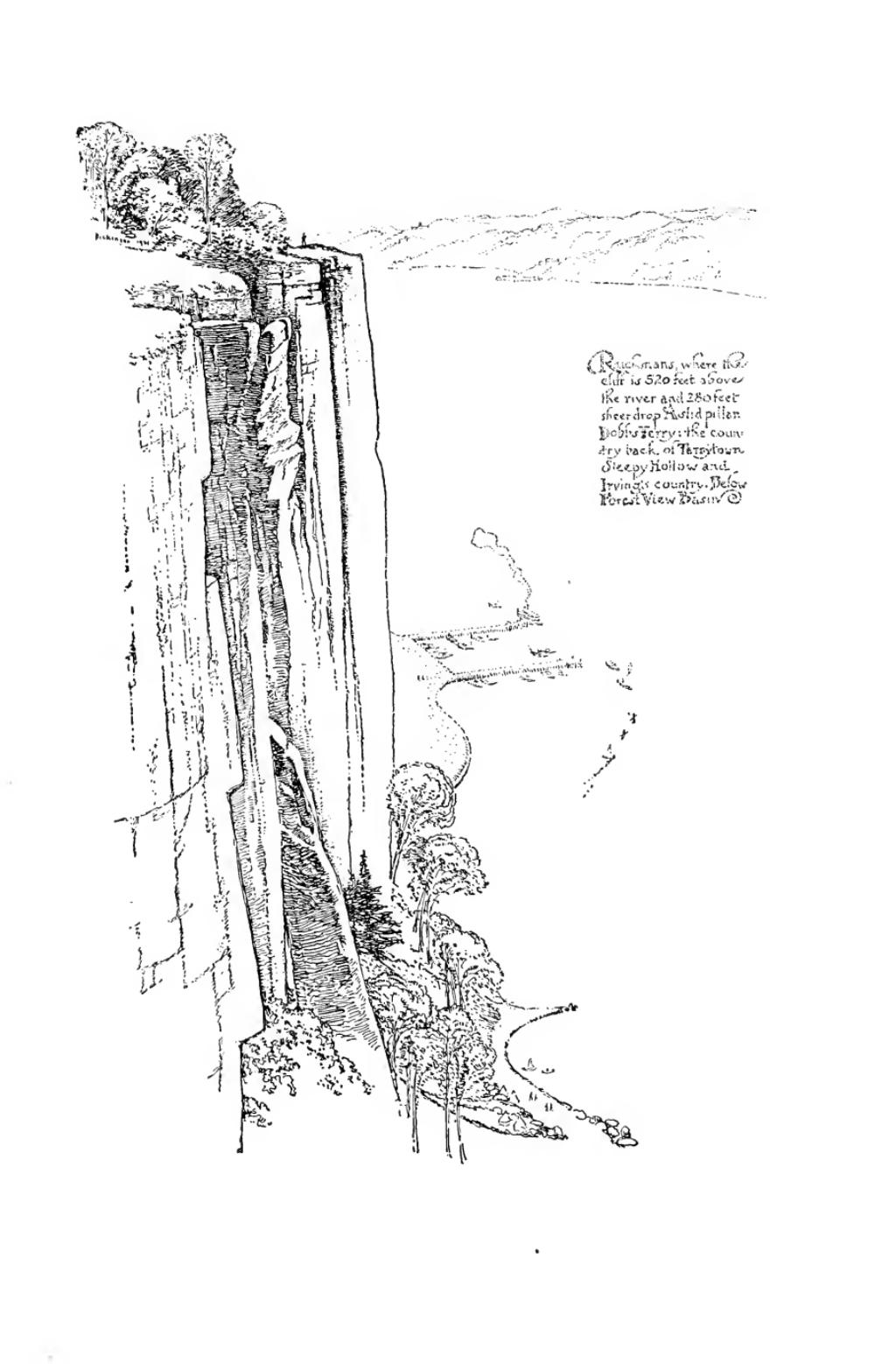


and also for the outlook from this High Gutter Point over Tappan Sea, Hook Mountain, Nyack, the old mile-long pier of the Erie Railroad, and Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow depicted on page 41. Why "gutter"? Because the wood-burning river steamers came into the bank to the foot of a chute to get their fuel. Descending northward to the gully, one comes upon the path running east and west that mounts from the shore. Turning left on this brings us to the brook and the drink. Across *Waterfall Creek* the trail forks at once—to the right, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile through woods and farm roads, to Palisade; to the left, by path and trail, to the fields of Skunk Hollow where Sugar Jackson and the colored people lived and to the Boulevard, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. By the latter way some skill is required to follow good blazes, sharp south, then ascending, turning southwest, watching the sidepaths.



in places overhanging, with the full-length figure of the Indian, if you please. This part is the upper end of the Park where it extends back nearly to the Boulevard. A wood-road and path keep back from a front too much overgrown for views, but a watch is kept for the six-foot white stone monument that marks the boundary between New Jersey and New York,

From the brook-crossing a good path is needed (where the strip of Park land runs) out to the Boulevard. It will be noted that our map distorts distances here and the road is further from the brook than shown. One



Buchmans where the
clif is 520 feet above
the river and 280 feet
sheer drop. And will poll
Bobbs Ferry, the coun
try back of Tarrytown
Sleepy Hollow and
Irving's country. Below
Forest View Basin.



The
Giant
Stair^d
near Rot Forrest
View, opposite
Hastings, in
the autumn

R. L. Stevenson
1880

should follow the brook down, through a hemlock grove, to the fall. Without intruding on the private property that is just beyond the foot of the fall, one may admire the pool and its Buddha, and the pergola. In returning, the edge may be followed past some stately buttresses and good outlooks shown on the long front view (Map F).

The Great Rock Walk. Leaving Forest View pavilion one keeps to the greensward toward the rocks to the north, to observe some of the immense masses the cliffs have cast down—their flat cleavages, their wave lines, their variety of decorative markings. Here a stair of stone is a surprise, going up to join our path, which really started at the pavilion. This rock walk, halfway between shore and cliff, leading across huge slides, is mostly in the shade, and has fine framed outlooks. After leaving the steps a short branch runs upward; then, 1-200 yards further on, a branch ascends to the foot of the cliffs, to rejoin the main path later.

With consummate landscape art this footway wanders by huge monoliths and giant staircases from one view to another on a course that, in Europe, would be justly famous. The vast wall hangs above us. The river of wonders is at our feet. To surrender to a motor highway this narrow pass, this massed magnificence, this heap of precious stones which the Great Artist sculptured, were desecration that could never be undone nor would ever be condoned. Matchless as it is, it should remain, boasting the grandeur of a bit of unspoiled, far-off mountain range within sight of the biggest city in the world. The sharp zigzags of Englewood were needed. The hard ruled line across the landscape at Alpine was required. Look at these below Maps B and E. Then glance at the sketch opposite that hints at the stateliness of the noblest of our rock masses heaped below the tallest of these everlasting bastions, and replace them, in your mind's eye, with the smug new cut-stone walls of Englewood or the mile-long scar, the scarp of dirt at Alpine. No scarlet blush of autumn could atone for, and no luscious growth of spring efface the insult and the devastation.

Now one may (1) turn back, taking the upper path; or (2) go



another half mile to the State line, where the path is built out into the stream that it may make the circuit of the grandfather of all boulders, the very seat of the great god Pan, for beyond are the reeds by the river; thence up the front at High Gutter Point, and so back on top; or (3), instead of turning back on top, go on to the water-fall, and further, to Palisade and Tappan or Palisade-Snedens Landing and Dobbs Ferry.

Palisade Village. It is hardly credible that a settlement of such old-time charm should still exist within a hundred miles of the metropolis. Houses Hollanders built,

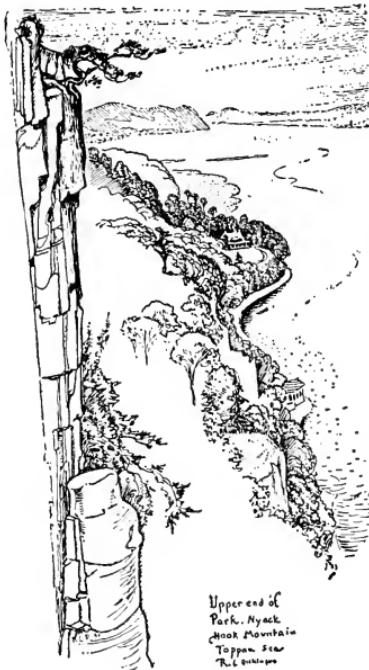
with greenswards and gardens, and cottages artists guarded through the Age of Evil Taste in the prosperous 70's—with a few contrasts for the better appreciation—are scattered up and down these parklike hillsides. A road leads to Sparkill, Piermont, Nyack and Hook Mountain (insert, Map E) and one to the railroad $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west, at Tappan. Downhill a good road goes to

Snedens Landing. North of the brook and part way up the hill the rampart of the old redoubt (page 12) is reached by a field road running off from the asphalt just below the fourth bend above the landing—the first sharp bend coming downhill. Here the American flag received its first salute from the British in May, 1783. The British fleet used the anchorage at this point from 1776 to 1783. Here André was landed after his capture on the other side of the river on his way to Tappan. Except in colder months, a launch will convey passengers to Dobbs Ferry opposite.

LONG WALKS, AND CLIMBS

When tramping the whole length of the Park avoid the summit north and south of Alpine. The walk must be nearly 15 miles. The following variants are suggested. (1) Fort Lee or Hazards; on top along Quarry Cliff, Coytesville Park, to the front over the ferry at Englewood, down the Approach to the north elbow, along Henry Hudson Drive past Englewood Grove to Canoe Beach; here climb to top and on to Greenbrook, down the brook and old wooden steps to bridge, by Drive to Huylers, by path to Alpine and to Twombleys, up to top on Bombay Hook, to Ruckman Road, down at Forest View, rock path to Giant Stair, back on upper path to Forest View, ferry to Yonkers; or, on rock path to and up Gutter Point to Palisade, Snedens Landing, Dobbs Ferry, or Palisade-Tappan. (2) Ferry to Hazards and along shore, up at Englewood, along top as far as Lambiers; then down to Drive or shore to Alpine and Forest View, up to Indian Head, on top to High Gutter Point; down and back by rock path, or else from Gutter Point to waterfall and Palisade. (3) Bluff Point, and on top as far as Greenbrook; explore Greenbrook, return by shore to Hazards, taking, on the way, any desired ascent.

To continue north to other sections of the Park one takes the Palisade-Sparkill road (see insert on Map E), then Piermont, the upper road to Nyack (Blauvelt is on the western slope of this wooded ridge), to Hook Mountain, High Tor above Haverstraw, stopping at Haverstraw at the U. S.



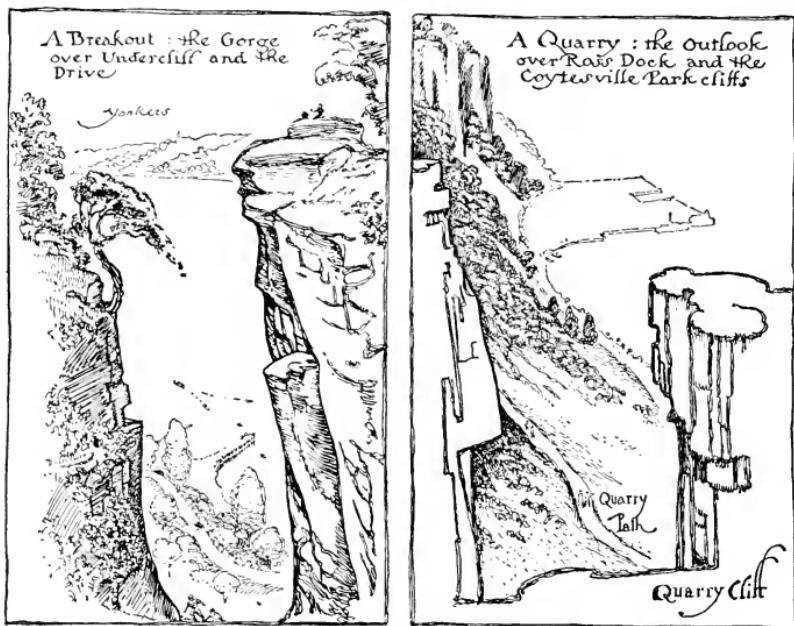
Hotel. The next day to Bear Mountain to lunch, the following day by one of the new trails the length of the Bear Mountain-Harriman Park section to Arden or Tuxedo. There are very few facilities for stopping over night on this trip, but Nyack and Haverstraw are available, and "there are no restrictions on camping anywhere in this [Palisades] section of the Park for one night, provided the camp is made where directed by one of the patrolmen" (W. A. Welch).

For the liberality of the States and the private donors providing this Great Playground, and for the labor and wisdom and courtesy of the Commissioners and Staff administering it, ever increasing hundreds of thousands render praise and thanksgiving.

May success and support continue!

ROBERT LATOU DICKINSON

September, 1921



REGULATIONS

The policy of the management embodies a maximum of trust and a minimum of restriction, putting the people's park into the people's care. The patrolmen are particularly courteous and helpful. There are offices at Hazards Beach, Englewood Basin, Alpine, and Forest View. The New York office of the Park Commission is at 90 Wall Street.

The Park has been developed not only for your use and pleasure but as well for other visitors who will come after you. You are asked to comply with the following:

The Commission have put the Buildings, Benches, Tables and other property here for your convenience. Do not destroy or deface them.

Leave all flowers, shrubbery, and trees as you find them. We try to protect them—help us do so.

After you picnic, please clean up. Papers and other refuse should be placed in receptacles provided for this purpose or taken to the beach and burned. Bottles and cans should be left neatly piled.

Build your fire on the beach only. A fire in the woods will destroy more trees and shrubbery in an hour than can be replaced in years.

Broken bottles and tin cans cause many an injured foot. Do not throw them in the water. Put them in the receptacles.

If you are in bathing attire, you are requested to remain in the vicinity of the bathing beaches.

Your dog is your friend, but perhaps not your neighbor's. Keep it muzzled or on leash.

When climbing the rocks use care. Do not start them rolling. Give a thought to the persons below you.

The springs must not be contaminated. The water is to drink and must be clean. Do your share to keep it so.

The Park Patrolmen are here to protect the visitors and park property. You help them.

AUTOMOBILE ROADS. Blue Book and auto maps will guide to Fort Lee or Englewood, and Access Map gives good roads of 1921. Above Alpine the Boulevard is a rather lonely place to leave a car unattended, and this is partly true of Greenbrook. Access to front of cliff at Clinton Point, at Ruckman Road, and also above Hazards, and at Coytesville Park. The very splendid motor road from Englewood Landing to Alpine Landing along shore has been described, with the Approaches at these points.

ACCESS TO PALISADES PARK

FERRIES. *130th St. (Manhattan Ave.) and Edgewater-Fort Lee.* As a thoroughfare, 125th St. ends in the diagonal of Manhattan Ave., reaching the river at 130th St. The 125th St. cars, some Broadway cars, and others run to the ferry. It is two long blocks from the 125th St. station of the Broadway-7th Ave. subway from down town and Brooklyn, allowing from 60 to 80 minutes to Edgewater from Times Square. Runs all the year, at intervals of 15 minutes in busy times, and carries automobiles. 5 cents.

Hazards Beach and 158th St. Reached from 157th St. station of Broadway-7th Ave. subway, two long blocks downhill. In summer only, about every half hour in busy times. Passengers only.

Dyckman St. and Englewood. At about the level of 207th St. Reached from Dyckman St. station of Broadway-7th Ave. subway by a walk of $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Jitney may run, particularly holidays and Sundays in warmer months. Ferry runs mid-April to mid-November. Carries automobiles. At other times of year launch may be had at boathouse south of ferry for about \$1.00. Motor bus to Englewood and Tenafly hourly in summer.

Yonkers and Alpine. Passenger ferry, vehicular eventually, now runs May to October. Usually leaves Yonkers on the half hour, from the steamer dock south of the railroad station, and 3 long blocks west of the Broadway trolley. Yonkers is reached within an hour from downtown New York by Broadway-7th Ave. subway to terminal at 242d St. and trolley (15 cents). Last boat from Alpine about 5 p. m.

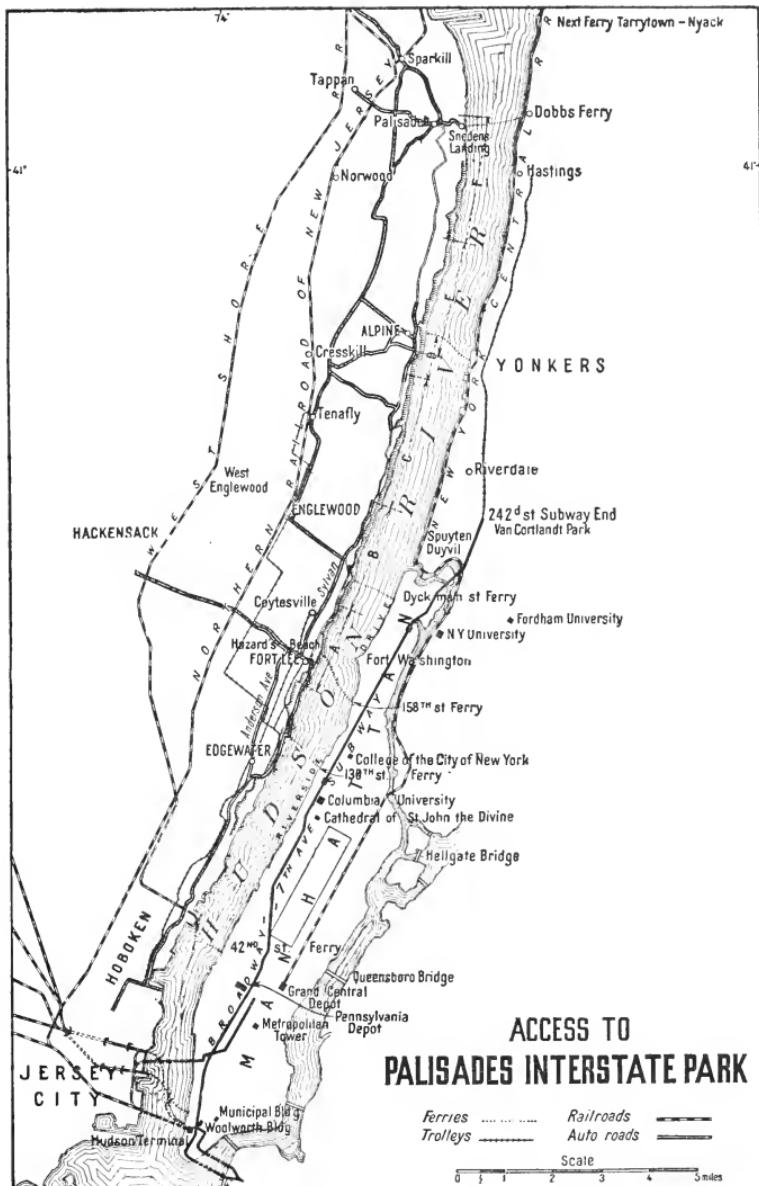
Yonkers-Excelsior-Twombleys-Forest View. Passenger ferry every 2 hours, beginning Yonkers 9 a. m., returning from Forest View on the even hour, the last boat at 4 p. m. Summer months only.

Dobbs Ferry and Snedens Landing. Launch may be summoned by signal from station at Dobbs Ferry on N. Y. Central, May–October. Returning, if no convenient train, walk to trolley at Hastings.

RAILROADS. The Northern New Jersey branch of the Erie R. R. runs west of the Palisades about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles and through Sparkill and Piermont to Nyack, the West Shore a mile or two west of the above. These serve mainly for the longer of the winter walks north of Tenafly, when ferries have stopped.

TROLLEY LINES. From the ferry at Edgewater electric lines run to Fort Lee; also two miles and more west of the front of the cliffs to Englewood, and so north as far as Tenafly. For Coytesville one transfers from any of these lines, the Coytesville trolley continuing south to Jersey City.

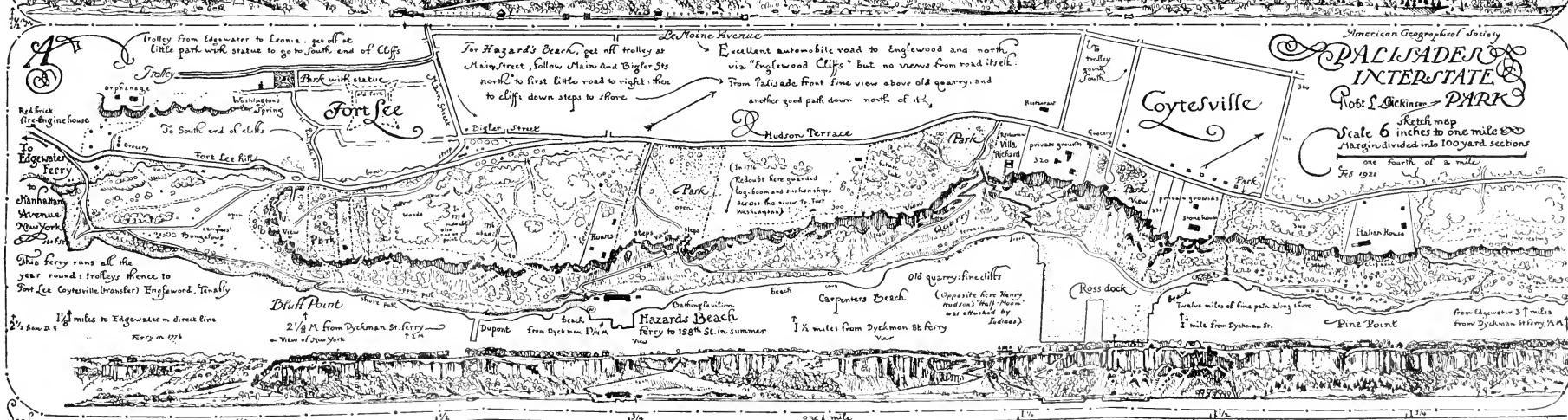
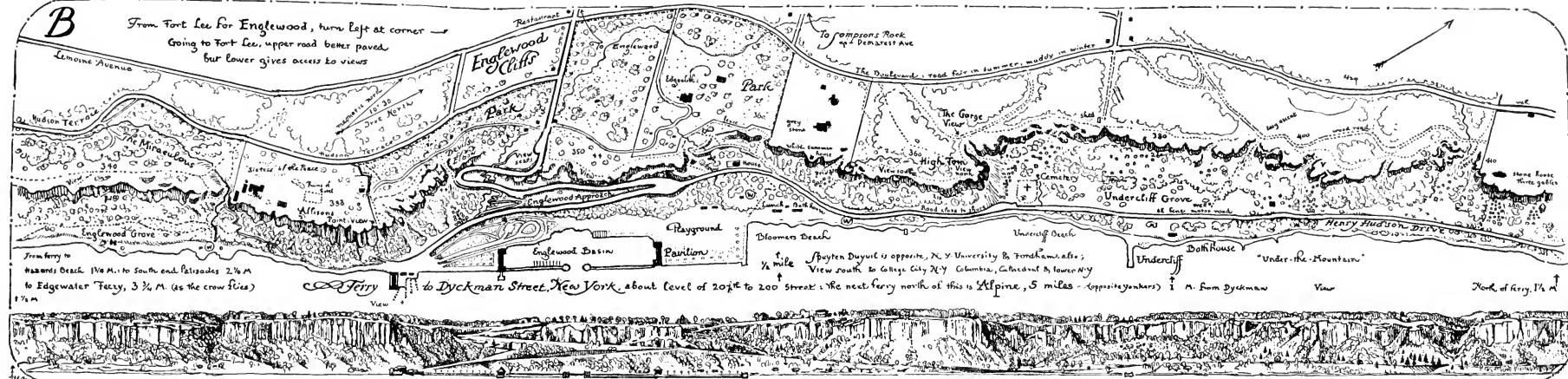
Launches may be hired at Yonkers and at Dyckman St. for trips along the front.

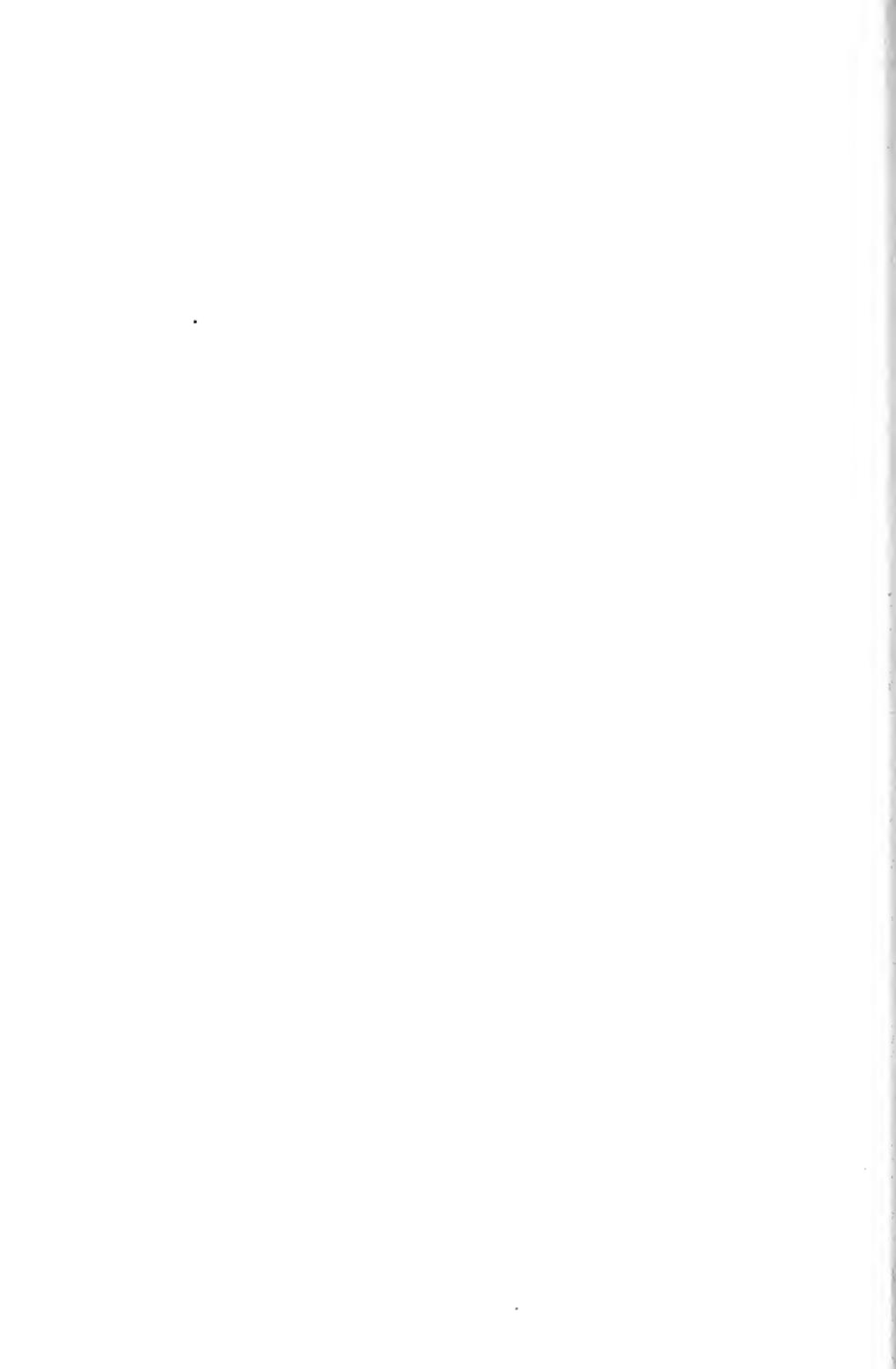


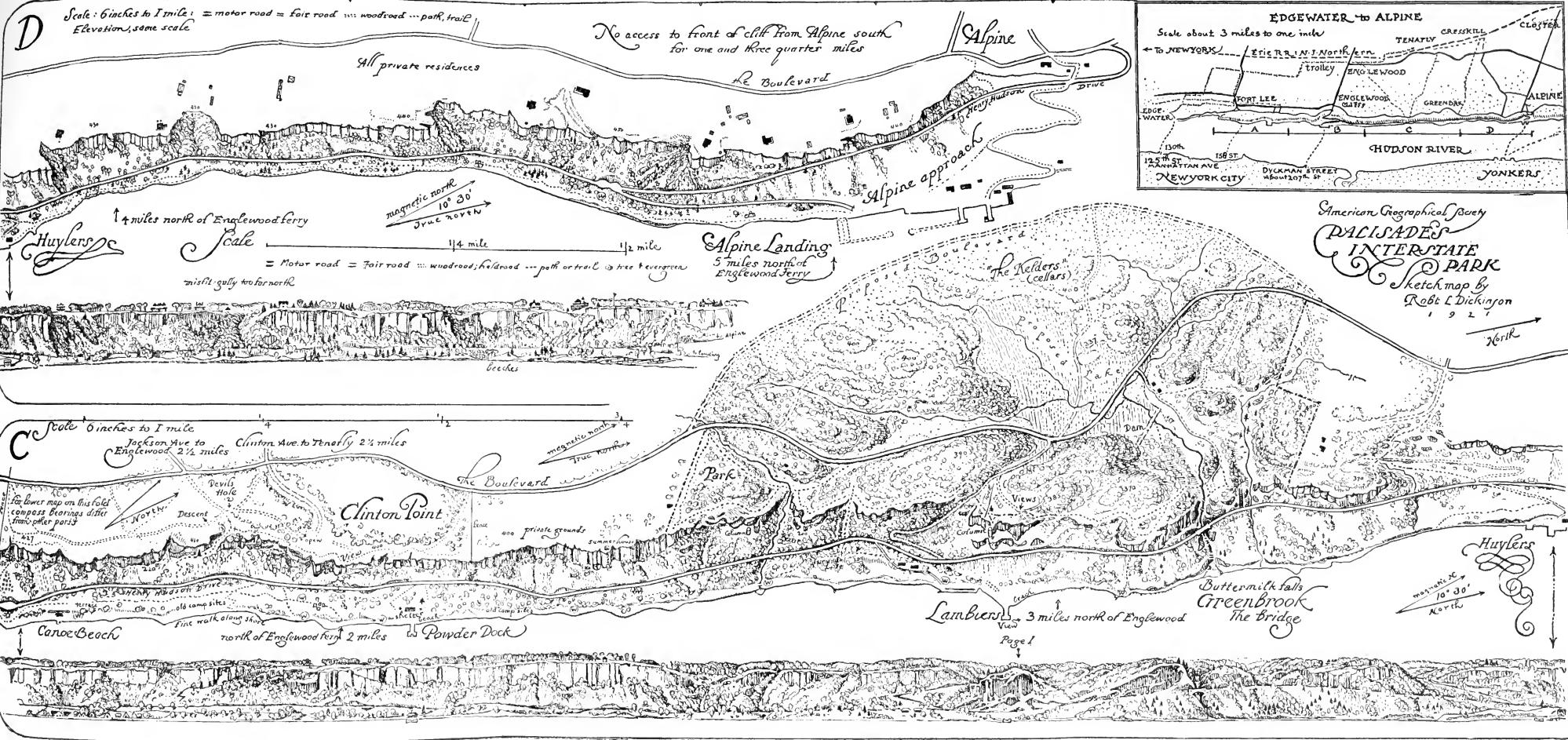
ACCESS TO PALISADES INTERSTATE PARK

Ferries Railroads —
Trolleys - - - Auto roads —
Scale 0 1 2 3 4 5 miles

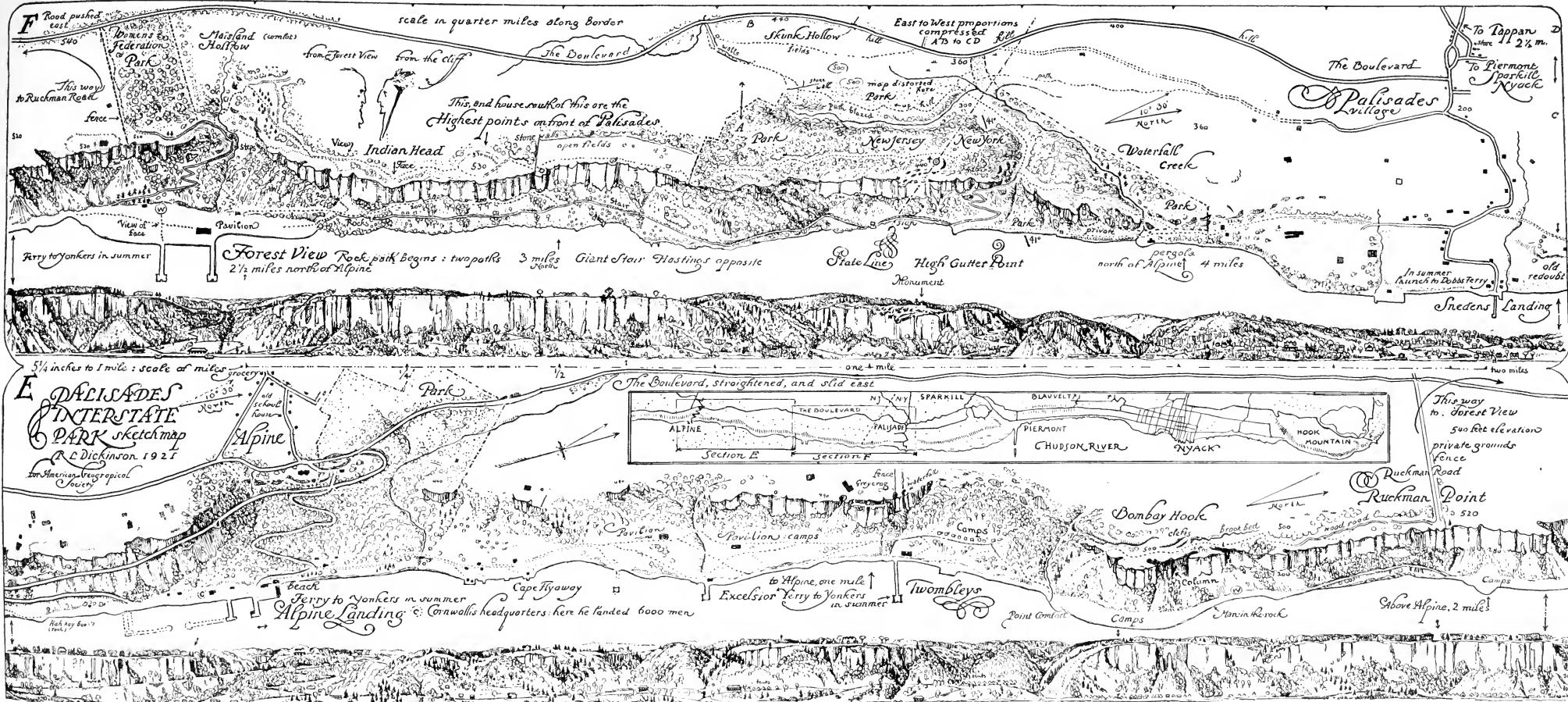




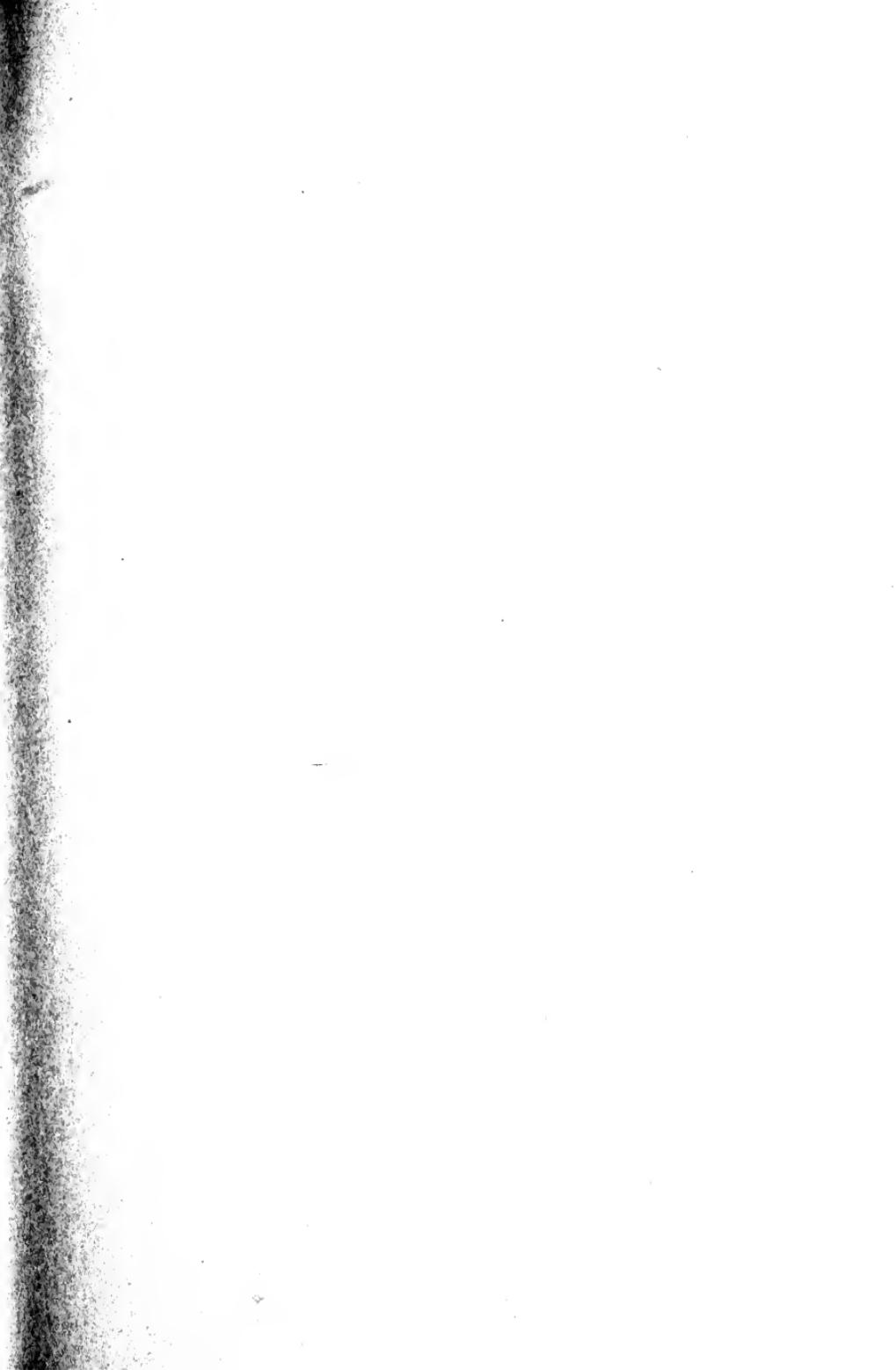












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